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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

"Out of your lives take the love and sympathy, the purity, the truth, the tender things, and all that grows into the larger life. Put these on the cold altar of your heart. Cut out those lonely words, 'To an unknown God,' and write 'Our Father.' Then bow before him. This is your God. He will not withhold any good thing from you if you walk uprightly."

—David Starr Jordan in "The Religion of a Sensible American."

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Volume LXIV. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1909. NUMBER 11.

We do not hear that Memnon's statue gave forth its melody at all under the rushing of the mightiest wind, or in response to any other influence, divine or human, than certain short-lived sunbeams of morning; and we must learn to accommodate ourselves to the discovery that some of those cunningly-fashioned instruments called human souls have only a very limited range of music, and will not vibrate in the least under a touch that fills others with tremulous rapture or quivering agony. —*George Eliot.*

Collier's Weekly thinks that the American public would prefer to lose the Philippine Islands than to losing the base ball championship of Japan. It seems according to this journal,—the base ball score is not kept at UNITY office,—that the University of Keio has beaten the base ball team of the University of Wisconsin three times. This is another ominous sign of coming Japanese invasion. The insolent yellow man should be watched and before it is too late. Let his power for mischief be clipped.

UNITY has often deplored the fact that the high mechanical triumph of the moving picture apparatus should have been seized upon by a base commercial interest, and that it is almost wholly monopolized by the vicious element of society. There are indications that the university, public school and church are awakening to the pedagogical and ethical value of this scientific triumph. We look forward to the time when the moving picture and the stereopticon shall be a part of the necessary equipment of every well furnished Sunday-school room, assembly hall and public school. Browning's "Pippa Passes" is one of the later "films" advertised.

Secretary Knox must be realizing by this time that it is not easy to close an open question. The discourteous dismissal of Mr. Crane was a boomerang that has not yet inflicted its final hurt on the return trip. The affair was humiliating to a gentleman of Mr. Crane's probity, but it may be disastrous to a man of Mr. Knox's pretentions and damaging to the administration that sanctions such double dealing in high officials. The unanswered assertions of journals of high standing, notably that of *Collier's,* have by this time persuaded the open-minded that there was much back of the record,—that the alleged reasons for the humiliation of Mr. Charles Crane were superficial and unreal. There was more to it than that, and surely to the American people, who at heart believe in fair play, the incident is not closed.

We share with our neighbor, the *Public,* a lively resentment for the undignified and uncalled for sneer of President Taft at the constitution of Oklahoma, characterizing it as a "freak document." The growth of the United States has been such as to promote state-craft at a speed that marks advancement in decades, which it has taken centuries to achieve in monarchies of Europe, because here each new state is able to profit by the experiences of the older ones. In the matter of constitution-making, the last state admitted begins where the others left off—profiting by the experiences of the older sisters. This the constitution makers of Oklahoma did. This is what the *Public* well says about the President's sneer:

> "In view of his judicial training, his alleged knowledge of the principles of government and his asserted ability to look into the very marrow of great public questions, President Taft should not have contented himself with throwing an epithet at the Oklahoma Constitution when he spoke at Phoenix, Arizona. It was worth the Presidential while to explain the dangers of the Oklahoma Constitution— to make a definite bill of complaint. Still, one need not marvel that the President who praises Aldrich as an unselfish statesman, and the Taft-Aldrich Payne tariff law as a good law, stands in Arizona and throws a brick at the people of Oklahoma because they knowingly adopt a constitution that enables them to govern themselves."

Charlotte Perkins Gilman, true to the Beecher blood that is in her, is not to be repressed. Her adventurous spirit has broken out with one more monthly, may heaven forefend us! *The Fore Runner,* Volume 1, Number 1, November, 1909, is before us, with the child standing on the globe for the frontispiece. This *Fore Runner,* published by the Charlton Company, 67 Wall street, New York, at a dollar a year, proposes to

> "Tell the things we ought to know,
> To point the way we ought to go,
> So audibly to bless and curse,
> That he who reads my run."

In the death of Prof. Lombroso of Italy the cause of the delinquents in morals has lost a real friend. Although his writings have been characterized as freakish, he compelled people to recognize that there was a science of criminology, and that the criminal was a patient to be treated and not an enemy to be punished. When this truth is fully grasped by civilization, the present prison system, modified as it is, will seem barbarous and cruel. Just now certain lawyers and would-be judges in Chicago and in Illinois have championed a reactionary movement, seeking to do away with the indeterminate sentence and the at-

tempt to establish probation methods for adult delinquents now so successfully applied to juvenile offenders, particularly those who commit crime under the fell inspirations of intoxicants. But these "champions of law and order" are kicking against the pricks, themselves defying a movement toward a higher interpretation of law and a better order.

The Inquirer, our London Exchange, speaks of the twenty-first annual report of the "Social and Political Educational League," an organization that administers a fund established by Sir John Seely of London twenty-one years ago for the delivery of lectures on social and political topics from a strictly "non-partisan stand-point." Last year 338 lectures were delivered before 122 societies and clubs by men eminent at the bar, in the universities, and high governmental positions. This is a suggestion to some of the men of vast wealth in America. The *non-partisan* discussion of political issues and social problems needs to be encouraged. Painful and dangerous as are the revealments of graft and money sordidness in American politics, they are neither so painful nor dangerous as the present blindness to lust of power, and the low standard of morals encouraged by the same. The unblushing "boss" in politics who still carries himself high in the public eye, and too often in the public confidence, is at the present time the greatest enemy of democracy. Too many of them disgrace the floors of Congress, and debase national administration.

The *Open Court* for November contains at least two articles that deserve special mention, and we hasten to commend them to our readers: the one a timely contribution by the editor entitled "The Religion of Mendelssohn." The centennial of the birth of Felix Mendelssohn, the great tone master, was overshadowed, as the editor well says, by the celebration of the greater stars, Darwin and Lincoln, which occurred in the same month. But certainly the story of Felix Mendelssohn should be made familiar in church and school, not only for its own interesting contribution, but for the story of his truly great grandfather, Moses Mendelssohn, the friend of Lessing and prototype of "Nathan der Weise," a masterpiece in poetry, and a great tract in religion,—one that ushered in the modern study of Universal Religion, and, what is better, the practice of the same. The other article referred to is the one by Professor Lawrence H. Mills entitled "Our Own Religion in Ancient Persia." It is another study by a student of the Parsee religion, disclosing the common elements in the religions traced to Zoroaster with the religions which look to Moses and Jesus as the founder of their faiths. Judaism and Christianity hold no monopoly on the spiritual conceptions of God, human duty and destiny.

Three lives sacrificed in one Saturday on the altar of football, and still college presidents and professors of high fame and noble Americans insist in justifying the game, the nobility of which by implication lies in its dangers, for we are told that there "must be an element of danger in all good games," and that manliness must be fostered in the universities by such sacrifices. We believe that such reasoning is psychologically and ethically false. The heroism of brawn is of the cheapest type. Moral cowards have often displayed physical valor on battle fields, and bullies stand the battering of the ring unflinchingly, and go down to ignoble death unfalteringly on the sawdust. The universities must present a nobler appeal. We do not read that Socrates won honors at Olympic races. Channing and Emerson were no gymnasts. It is worthy of academic investigation to try to discover how many of "Plutarch's men" were eligible to a modern football team, or were developed by such discipline. We suspect that but few of the presidents and professors who commend the spiritual value of this brawny discipline, were themselves advanced to their usefulness by such high "training." We look for the time when these external stimuli to college "careers" will be looked upon as the fruit of a shallow psychology and a sham culture. Boys and girls who must be drawn to college and held to its discipline by such excitements had better stay at home. Perhaps nothing would so advance the power of our universities intellectually as well as ethically as the elimination of these false stimuli. Are the fascinations of the poets, the marvels of science, the romances of history, the consolations of the student and the inspiration of "the room and fire by oneself," which Emerson calls the highest privilege of the university, inadequate to fill all the dormitories of our universities? Then let the number of our universities be reduced that the quality may be increased. This note is not written in the interest of hectic students, or dyspeptic scholars, but rather in the interest of well-formed, well-fed, full-breathed young men and women. The dangers of life are sufficiently great without increasing them on the playgrounds of our youths.

DETACHMENT

Be silent! Let them rest;
Why make an endless quest
  For all they said and did?
Why drag into the light
Their moods of black and white,
  These, with their faces hid?

Bind if you will, in gold,
The tales their fancies told;
  In wonder breathe their names;
But always, from their art,
Leave them in peace, apart,
  As from the ash the flames.

—Ellen M. H. Gates, in Harper's Magazine.

The Tamalpais Centre

A New Social Experiment

It was a flying trip that in thirteen days carried the Senior Editor of Unity from Chicago to the Pacific coast and back,—a ride of about forty-five hundred miles. He gave a course of six lectures on "The Prophets of Modern Literature" before the students and the faculty of the Nevada University at Reno, a class address at Reno, attended a Hallowe'en party, enjoyed several exhilarating horseback rides, made a club address, and spoke at the dedication of the Tamalpais Centre at Kentfield, Cal. Kentfield is a suburban station on the Mill Valley railway, situated at the foot of Tamalpais mountain, on the other side of which nestle the Muir Woods. It is the home of Madame E. A. Kent and, for the present, of our editorial colleagues and tireless makers and workers of and for the Abraham Lincoln Centre for years past,—Mr. and Mrs. William Kent.

The Tamalpais Centre is a free gift of Madame E. A. Kent to the county, the entire county. It consists of an open area of some thirty acres, already equipped with a stadium, a driving track, ball ground, children's playground, and other athletic attractions and what William Morris would call a "Mote-House." It was the dedication of this house that called the Senior Editor from Chicago. The building is a most attractive achievement architecturally, a skillful modification of the mission style, a low red-tiled building, flooded with sunlight and surrounded with ample cloistered porches. The interior is finished in redwood; the exterior in concrete plaster. The main audience room, with polished hard-wood floor, has a seating capacity of about six hundred, an ample stage, and is flanked on either side with club rooms for men on one side and women on the other, with sliding doors and noble fire-places. These, with the necessary equipment of cloak rooms, dressing rooms, kitchen outfit, etc., occupy the main floor, with possibilities for manual training, domestic science and kindred activities in the basement. The whole outfit, grounds and building, represent a cost of perhaps forty thousand dollars or more, all of which has been transferred, without cost, to a self-perpetuating board of trustees consisting of the leading men and women in the valley, representing the entire range of social and religious diversity. Catholics and Jews, orthodox and heterodox Christians, capitalists and wage-earners, professional and business men, are included in the board of twenty-one. It is a live board; the members thereof realize their trust and appreciate the fact that they are entrusted with a sociological experiment of far-reaching significance. This experiment is in the lime-light; it will be watched with great interest, and, if we mistake not, Kentfield has set the pace for many other communities, and Mrs. Kent has here offered an object lesson for other men and women of means. It shows them what they can do with a part of their money that will bring large returns in constructive work. It is a positive and not a negative contribution. It is creative and not palliative; it *makes* and not simply *repairs* manhood and womanhood.

Heretofore "social settlements" and "centers" have been considered the necessities of congested city districts only. To most minds they have carried the assumption of a slum territory, of over-worked men and women, of the poor and neglected. Surely such do need the social center, but the Tamalpais Centre is the result of an intelligent appreciation of the fact that democracy,—and that means happiness, usefulness and intelligence,—languishes among the wealthy and the prosperous as it does among the poor and the toiling, perhaps more so, for want of adequate instrumentalities of social culture and the amenities that spring therefrom. The children of the rich, perhaps more than the children of the poor, need the training in citizenship and the preparation for life such as the Tamalpais Centre generously offers.

This particular Centre was first opened for a Hallowe'en party, Saturday evening, October 30. The black cats and Jack-o'-lantern pumpkins, vines and fruits, were in full evidence, and after an interesting program for the early evening, there was a merry dance—and everybody was there. The laundryman and the millionaire, the groceryman and his wife, the preachers and the teachers of the neighborhood, the elite and all the rest were out in full force; and all were so well mannered, and so attractively though not expensively robed, that it was impossible to discover the line that separated the capitalist from the wage-earning class that night, for the simple reason that that night there were no lines. It was a homogeneous company fused in the common joys of the community, the common pride and enthusiasm of charming prospects and prophetic dreams.

On Sunday afternoon at four o'clock the dedication service proper was held. Brief religious exercises were conducted by Rev. Ernest Bradley, the young Episcopal clergyman who has given up a prominent clerical position in San Francisco to become the Dean of this new movement. Mr. William Kent spoke a brief word on behalf of his mother and the board of trustees, of which he is president, and introduced the speaker, Jenkin Lloyd Jones of the Abraham Lincoln Centre, who gave the dedicatory address, "Concerning Debts." Our readers will hear more of this most significant experiment in sociology. Thousand of people will watch with interest the sequel of this dedication. What if it should turn out that here is an embryonic type of the civic cathedral, the communal church for which democracy waits and to build which the highest religious inspirations as well as the growing ethical instincts of the community are demanded?

At Kentfield it is a case of wealth joining hands with an enlightened imagination. Here is a case of capital with a vision, and such vision is contagious. Already a favored neighbor has ordered fifteen hundred dollars' worth of apparatus to fit up the children's playground. Some day, and that day is not distant, municipalities will recognize such an outfit as a municipal necessity. It is the "small park" and "field house" idea of Chicago applied to suburban and rural necessities. Such an outfit is the logical sequence of the public park, the public gallery, the public library and the public school.

UNITY welcomes Tamalpais Centre as a co-worker. Let others go and do likewise!

Imagination as an Ethical Force

Far above the sphere of common human life, there is an enveloping atmosphere of thought and purpose, as there is a world atmosphere which we breathe. In this upper air of the soul we see and feel; and it is there that we find the major operations of every social evolution. The church, the school, literature, art, politics, are all up here getting new growth material. The power to range this upper atmosphere we call imagination. Man is essentially a creature of the imagination—no other creature gets beyond matter of fact. We alone are the dreamers, the hopers, and the enthusiasts. It is for this reason that the novel has its power—a growing power, because of late we have lost much of our practicality and guarded reserve. We do not have so much to say about miracles; they are too common. Coleridge said that he did not believe in ghosts, because he "had seen too many of them." Familiarity with wonders makes us live largely in the wonderland—without amazement. Our common and everyday lot is astoundingly exalted; and romance is no longer differentiated from reality. For the first time in the world's history we are all believers in ideals. The perfect woman; the perfect love; the perfect manhood; the perfect life are as possible as that of the miserable sensualist, and the cracked Don Quixote. Imagination has grown astoundingly busy, feeding this conviction of ours and trying to tell us something that is beyond our reach. It is not likely that fiction has finished its work; yet it certainly must learn to give us better selected viands. The work of elimination has begun; that of romantic selection, of exalted instruction or divine ideals, has been entered upon. We are turning back to review Christianity and ask if, after all, the Golden Rule is not workable, and Jesus Christ an everyday possibility.

E. P. POWELL.

You cannot in any case by any sudden effort of will be true, if the habit of your life has been insincerity.

THE PULPIT

A New Day in Religion

A SERMON BY JOSEPH NEWTON, DELIVERED AT THE LIBERAL CRISTIAN CHURCH, CEDAR RAPIDS, IA.

"Behold, I make all things new."—Rev. 21: 5.

Every day is a new day, as Nature fills "her blue urn of the sky" and pours out her flood of light. Each morning, full of wonder and surprise, makes all things new. Let this be for us a parable of the history of faith, in which there have been many cloudy sunsets and many golden dawns. Happy are we who live in the morning radiance of a new day of faith, for the life of the spirit is as changeful as the sky and as mutable as the sea.

Some have thought that religion would finally fade out of the heart of man. But they forget a fundamental human fact. No reality is more deeply rooted in the nature of man, and if it has sometimes assumed forms alluring, terrible and fantastic, one who looks over the long past knows that it becomes every year more lovely and refined. It is the life of God in the soul of man, an insatiable hunger for eternity, an unquenchable aspiration for the perfect, and it is by such bread that man lives. Little acquaintance with history is necessary to show that while religion is one, its shapes are many. The very fact that it is a life promises variety of form, for in sameness there is death. It is not a stagnant pool, but a flowing stream.

Lowell tells us in his poem on "Ambrose" how the good saint learned this lesson. Walking along a brook St. Ambrose was joined by an angel, who, picking up a shell, dipped it into the brook, and filled it with water. He pointed out to the holy man the fact that the water assumed the shape of the shell, and at the same time that the shell did not contain all the water in the brook. Even so the good man learned that heavenly truth flows into the intellectual forms of each age, but that those forms however large and well wrought, do not exhaust the stream of truth. Should an angel visit us on such an errand now, he might quote the lines of Tennyson which report the brook as saying, with its silver voice,

> "Men may come, and men may go,
> But I go on forever."

Our age is distinctly practical, if not pragmatic. Its passion for reality is itself religious. It has learned from science to be at once critical and teachable, to sit reverently at the feet of truth and learn its secrets. In answer to the inquiry as to whether religion is declining, the reply of Sir Conan Doyle is typical of his age, coming as it does from a man of letters and a man of the world—though not from a worldly man. He asserts that figures afford no data as to the real mind of the age, or its faith. He says:

"Never yet have I known a person who was good because he went to church, or evil because he did not. And yet such practices are taken as tests whether religion is waning or increasing. The real tests of the progress of religion must be sought elsewhere. Is there a kinder and broader view of such subjects, enabling men of all creeds to live in amity and charity? Are the criminal statistics better? Are the drink returns better, showing that man is acquiring greater animal

self-control? Is there more reading, showing that the mind is gaining upon the body? Are the savings bank reports better, showing thrift and self-denial? Are the trade returns better, showing greater industry and better efficiency? Are there more humane institutions, and does man show more clearly his sense of duty towards the lower animals?

"There is a form of religion calling itself dogmatic faith, which has done more harm to the human race than pestilence and famine. Directly to its doors must be laid not only the blood-stained history of Islam, but all the murderous doings which have in turn disgraced the Christian years. Nor are the Atheists free of blood-guiltiness, for their excesses in France during the revolution were as bad as those of any sect. And the root of it all is saying you believe what your free reason would frequently reject. One man makes his proofless assertion and calls it his faith. Another man has a right to do the same thing. Then the two men begin to hate each other with a holy hatred, and there is an epitome of the blackest chapter in the history of the world. We, who are like ship-wrecked mariners of this little raft of a world, moving on the face of an infinite ocean, have enough to do to live kindly among ourselves without quarreling bitterly about that which is beyond the horizon."

And there is much to think about in his words, even if some of his statements are overdrawn. Nor does one have to assume the role of Tom Moore's "Orator Puff" in order to say that, judged by these tests, our age is increasingly religious. At least we are religious enough not to quarrel and fight and kill one another about religion, and that is a great gain. Unworldly envies do not inflame us as they inflamed our fathers, nor do we attach so much importance to speculations. More and more we see that all creeds are but earthen vessels and cannot hold the water of life without some leakage. Our society is far from ideal, but temperance is increasing among us, and justice, and pity, and gentleness.

Let no one think that the large and generous tolerance of our time is only a good-natured indifference —that indifference which is at heart scepticism; letting error be as good as truth, on the ground that inasmuch as no one can know anything about such things, there is room in the infinite for each man to fashion his own romance. Far from it. It has its basis in the insight which sees that in every form of faith there is some truth which can be seen from no other angle, and the wish to make that truth its own. It also knows that the truth is larger than all these segments. No one has stated the feeling of our day better than the half-humorous, half-tender and always wise philosopher who wrote the story of "Lady Baltimore."

"Forever and forever the human race reaches out its hands and shapes some system, some creed, and declares it to be the final thing, and lo and behold, something flowing and eternal in the race itself presently splits that creed all to pieces. Truth is a marvelous thing. We feel it, it can fill our eyes with tears, our hearts with joy; it can make us die for it; but once our human lips attempt to formulate and thus to imprison it, it becomes a lie and eludes us. You cannot shut up the truth in any form of words."

So, and quite naturally so, the word Christian is a comprehensive word in our day, including many who were excluded in a former time. Lincoln did not profess that it included him, but Tolstoi, who looked at the life of Lincoln rather than at his absence of stated views, spoke of him the other day as "a Christ in miniature." In 1860 every minister in his city, except three, voted against Lincoln on the ground that he was not a Christian. Today men feel that if the quality of character seen in such men as Lincoln and Emerson is not to be reckoned as Christian, then there is not much else that is worth while. More or less the same feeling seems to be in most good men, no matter what their views are. All now see that it is the spirit which attests itself in good and useful living, in active and high moral excellence, that is of value, and not some intellectual variation as to what may be the nature of deity or the destiny of the race of man.

Gladstone remarked that the chief change in the temper of the human mind which he had not noted in a long lifetime, was a decay of the sense of sin. If any one wishes an example of this let him compare "The Pilgrim's Progress" of Bunyan with the Hawthorne story of the "Celestial Railway." In the Bunyan allegory the poor pilgrim makes his slow journey beset on all sides, tempted without and tormented within. He saw nothing of the beauties of nature along the way—so that when an artist consulted Kingsley about illustrating the story, he was told to draw character faces, with bits of old implements and armor, no flowers or vines. But by the time we come to the Hawthorne story a bridge spans the Slough of Despond, and Vanity Fair is a salubrious village in which passengers stop off for a few days. This difference betokens not a declining but a saner and more wholesome moral life. Life in the days of John Bunyan was a nightmare in a demon-haunted world. The intellectual outlook of that time is so utterly foreign to the mind of our time that it is with difficulty that we can imagine it. And yet the whole tone of our social life is not only purer and higher, but great social wrongs which were overlooked in the age of Bunyan now rise up before us in all their horror.

Altruism has grown, whereas the man in the Bunyan allegory thought only of himself. The world feels more and its sympathy is quicker and deeper. Men have come to a kinder knowledge of man, if not to a kinder ignorance of God. Here is no assault upon the past, no disrespect for the old, no hostile criticism of yesterday—far from it. But it is a simple fact that a deep moral and religious change has come over the spirit of the age, rendering obsolete much both of the faith and the fears of other days. No one now attacks those ideas and there are few to defend them. They have suffered the deepest and most terrible of all refutations, for the moral sense of the race has outgrown them. If any one asks for proof that a new day has dawned, let him take note of the signs of the times—the penetrating light of science, the drum-beat of a quickened and splendid moral sense, the words of those prophets who teach us the beauty of holiness, and the works of those artists who show us the holiness of beauty. Never were there so many sweet voices echoing from end to end of the earth.

Never were the relations of God to man closer or more real than they are today. Men do not feel that they work alone in their struggle to abolish poverty, cruelty and sin. One of our great free souls of literature, George Meredith, has been for fifty years not only a singer of faith, of courage, of the zest and joy of life in a God-illumined world, but a teacher as well of the reality of prayer, and its value as

a factor in the culture of personality. While speaking of Meredith, let me quote a saying of his which strikes the keynote of our day: "For this reason so many fall from God, who have attained him; that they cling to him with their weakness, not with their strength." This is a day of strong men who, laying hold of God, with their strength, are making the church and religion strong, attractive, reasonable, beautiful, devout—a tower of good citizenship, a power for righteousness—a happy, hearty, hospitable fellowship of clear-handed and kind-hearted folk who are ready to serve their race. They stand erect under a wide sky, at once subdued and inspired with a sense of the beauty and kinship of their souls with the Spirit which gives to the world its strange and solemn loveliness. They do not know all things, but they make what Newman called "the venture of faith," and no better one has stated their feeling better than Robert Louis Stevenson:

"If I from my spy hole, looking with purblind eyes upon the least part of a fraction of the universe, yet perceive in my destiny some broken evidence of a plan and some signals of an over-ruling Goodness, shall I then be so mad as to complain that all cannot be explained? Shall I not rather wonder with grateful surprise that in so vast a scheme I seem to have been able to read, however little, and that little encouraging to faith?"

Here one sees the intellectual humility and the spiritual triumph of our age. The desolating march of pessimists across the landscape of the soul has been checked within the last fifteen years, and a new confidence fills the hearts of men. Death may still be the king of mysteries, but it is no longer the king of terrors. We of this good age die with more regret but with less fear than was true of our fathers. A recent writer, G. Lowes Dickinson, discusses with singular insight and lucidity the question as to whether immortality is desirable. He holds that it is the sense of this age that it is not desirable if a portion of the race, large or small, is to suffer eternally in a chamber of torture. Nirvana were better for all in face of such a prospect. Only on the ground as Browning has said, that "little else is worth while save the development of the soul," is immortality desirable at all. But the proof of a future life if undesirable does not seem to be a matter of doubt, since men who deny both pain and death are strangely bereft of pity. At the same time we have in the moral order of life, and in the soul itself, a firm basis for all just and reasonable hopes.

We are living, we are moving in the dawn of a new day of faith. No mere fancy is it that this age is big with ethical and spiritual adventures, and with unguessed conquests of truth and of character. No good thing will be lost, no beautiful thing destroyed. And in the new day, with the magic of its passing hours, Time, which changes all good and evil things, is fashioning from the old love new shapes of beauty and service.

"Still holy lives reveal the Christ
Of whom the letter told,
And the new day verifies the old."

A great hand is careful lest it crush.
—*Balaustion's Adventure.*

Let a man contend to the uttermost
For his life's set prize, be it what it will!
—*The Statue and the Bust.*

The best men ever prove the wisest, too;
Something instinctive guides them still aright.
—*Balaustion's Adventure.*

The Falling of the Leaves

SERMON PREACHED SUNDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1909, IN THE FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH, BUFFALO, N. Y., BY RICHARD W. BOYNTON

"We all do fade as a leaf."—Isaiah 64:6.

This has been a year of great luxuriance in the leafage and vegetation. The early rains gave to the trees a heavy growth of leaves, and there has been enough moisture since to keep them green through the hot summer. In their turning, the yellows and reds and browns and russets have been rarely bright and beautiful. Now many of the leaves have fallen. They rustle under foot on the sidewalks and in the streets. Men rake them up and carry them away. Their brief summer of life is over.

Were it not that so much of beauty is still left in every landscape, we should begin to say with Bryant, "The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year." Happily it is too early yet for that. But the feeling that inspired the line is a familiar one. It comes with the thought that the glory of the summer is departing and earth is putting on the soberer colors with which she meets the snow. It is, however, only a momentary depression that this surface view of things inspires. There is nothing really sad about these harvest days. We find their meaning not in the barren fields, but in the full barns and warehouses wherein the industry of man has stored up another year's supply of food for all the world. Now it is, also, when autumn falls upon the world of nature, that spring-time comes in the higher realms of human activity, just as in the lands beyond the equator the days are lengthening and brightening while they grow shorter and colder here. The fall and winter bring renewed endeavor along all the lines of human advance. The wheels of business, of education, of social observance and of church life after the summer's slackening begin to turn at full speed again. These bracing days send us joyfully about our work, and the cooler nights begin to drive us in around the fireside, where we find books, and friends, and cheerful talk.

The flowers and the leaves are gone, or are fast going. But the blossoms did not wither until they had safely stored up their life and sweetness in bulbs and seeds that will be planted or will plant themselves in readiness for another spring. The leaves will not have fallen until they have finished putting a girdle of fresh growth around the trunk and branches and every smallest twig of every tree. This is the appointed work that they have been doing night and day through the long summer. It has to be well and thoroughly accomplished before careful nature will let them weaken their hold upon the branches they have been nourishing. When they fall to the ground, it is to decay and give back their substance to the soil from which the spring sunshine drew it. So they become in time the materials out of which, when the warmer days again appear after the winter, the life of the grass and trees and insects, of birds and beasts and men will once more be freshened into beauty.

This is the story of the leaves. They are born out of the tree; they live to feed its parent life; and when they die it is to give their substance to make new myriads of leaves which in their turn will serve the universal life and fall to the ground to be transformed

into new leaves and trees, so far as we can see, again and again forever.

The interest, and if one may so say, the pathos of the yearly falling of the leaves consists in its suggesting to our minds a parable. The unknown author of the sixty-fourth chapter of Isaiah, wishing to express the falling away of his own people, the Jews, from the divine guidance, could find no fitter symbol for it than the fading leaf. "We all do fade as a leaf," he says, "and our iniquities, like the wind, take us away." But in the course of time his text, like the natural process on which he based his figure, has come to have in our minds quite another association than that of sin. We associate it with the thought of death.

"We all do fade as a leaf"; it is not a thought that often comes to us. It is not an altogether pleasant thought. I do not know that it is commonly made the subject of public discourse, whether in the pulpit or elsewhere. Yet it is a wholly natural thought, and one that we ought not to be afraid to face and to explore. Death represents the goal to which we are all moving day by day. The older preachers used to make this fact, from which there is no escape, a basis for their terrifying exhortations to escape the punishment of sin in the future state. The mind of man has been racked and tortured from the earliest times by horrors of its own imagining as to the life beyond the grave. What do they signify? The modern man has come to disregard them, in large part. Even the supposed physical agonies of bodily dissolution no longer weigh upon him as they did upon his not very remote ancestors. The "king of terrors" has become in our higher thought rather a calm, beautiful angel, who may surprise us, and make those who love us very sad, but who cannot lead us into unimaginable evil, in any universe where God is sovereign.

This is the thought of Sill's verses:

"What if some morning, when the stars were paling,
And the dawn whitened, and the East was clear,
Strange peace and rest fell on me from the presence
Of a benignant spirit standing near:

"And I should tell him, as he stood beside me,
'This is our Earth,—most friendly Earth, and fair;
Daily its sea and shore through sun and shadow
Faithful it turns, robed in its azure air:

"There is blest living here, loving and serving
And quest of truth, and serene friendships dear;
But stay not, Spirit! Earth has one destroyer
His name is Death! flee, lest he find thee here!'

"And what if then, while the still morning brightened,
And freshened in the elm the Summer's breath,
Should gravely smile on me the gentle angel
And take my hand and say, 'My name is Death.'"

We cannot now foresee what would be our answer to such a summons, but at least the poem is true to our noblest feeling. Death, not as a great black gulf to be crossed only with supernatural help; but death as a door, opening slowly or swiftly into the light of some greater life, the forms of which we cannot even guess at,—this is the end to which we believe we are to come.

Looked at simply from the point of view of our present health and strength, the parable of the leaves is fully justified. Each life is lived through its spring and summer and autumn towards its winter; and then it "fades as a leaf." Death is an incident, only, in our natural growth. Whole generations of men and women fade and fall away, like the dying leaves of October. Their work is done, and its fruits are stored up in the lives and influences and institutions that are left behind. A few enduring memories out of the millions of the dead, abide. But most of mankind, in spite of their puny efforts to prevent it, are before long forgotten. We live, and make our little contribution to the life of the race, and soon pass out of sight. Even if there were nothing more than this, ours would not be an ignoble destiny. To have lived our day and left our contribution to the whole, though it be not long noticed to be ours,—this is not little. Why is it that we are unsatisfied, and ask for more?

Perhaps it is because the touch of death upon human life appears to be not so kind as that of the frost upon the leaves. Too many of the deaths of which experience is brought home to us seem premature. The child is taken before he awakes to a full consciousness of the life he had begun to live. Some have to go in the first flush of their youth; others in the full prime of their powers, when it seems the world can least spare them. When the youthful Oliver Wendell Holmes penned his half-humorous, half-pathetic stanzas on "The Last Leaf," he little foresaw himself as destined to be one of the comparatively few spared to fulfil his description of a late and lonely old age:—

"The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom,—
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb."

Even if death to such is never wholly welcome, yet it is mitigated by our sense of the ripeness of the life and its readiness to fall by quietly letting go its hold upon the world.

Nothing is more unspeakably sad in our experience than death before what seems the appointed time. Prof. Shaler,—in his notable book, which he names "The Individual," but which is really a study of the place of death in evolution,—marks this as the saddest fact about it all, because the most inexplicable. "Nearly all the deaths that occur," he writes, "certainly ninety-nine per cent of the whole number, are to be reckoned as accidental, and in a strict sense, unnecessary at the time when the end comes. They are really disasters, which should be avoidable, and doubtless in time will be avoided." He comes later on to make the necessary qualification of this very strong statement by recognizing that the untimely death of many who are dearly loved in every circle is a part of the price we have to pay for the ignorance and stupidity which is only slowly rising in the race to full spiritual maturity. In declaring premature death to be remediable he is forced to add, "though not perhaps in its entirety, in the foreseeable future," (The Individua' pp. 226-228.) Nor are we able to foresee any future, so long as men are human, no matter how far science shall have progressed to save life and to heal disease, when such too early deaths shall not be possible.

But we are never quite ready for death to come to those we love at *any time*. Other partings are hard to bear, and yet from the absent one may come letters, or messages through the chance meeting with friends. Here only memory can bring us into touch with those we love. This may be much to have, but a single loving word or look would be infinitely more satisfying. So men have beseiged all possible channels of communication with the unseen world, though with small success that can be assuredly called such. We are thrown back, as we so often are in the last extremity, upon the resources of religious faith. It is not alt-

gether, perhaps, the faith in immortality that helps, though that has its important place; but rather the faith that life as a whole, even including the chill of death, is worth the living, although we must face the necessity of bearing our losses when they come. We can always live our life and live it nobly if we try. And how nobly it is being lived, under heavy sorrow, you and I know, if we watch at all the world of humanity around us every day!

It was beyond my hope today to answer all possible doubts, but I wanted, in rounding out my sermon, to bring to mind certain aspects of the great mystery which, if they do not wholly reconcile us to it, at least aid us in appreciating somewhat its place in the divine economy.

1. And first, death is the great *deliverer*. This aspect of death is in part brought out by Prof. Shaler, in the book to which I have referred. It has long been clear to students of nature that the death of the weaker individuals in any species in the struggle for existence is the sacrifice which they are forced to make for the growth and strengthening of the species as a whole. Beyond this, Prof. Shaler succeeds in showing that death as the result of old age is also a sacrifice, naturally provided for in every living organism, by which those who have lived long and given of their life and wisdom to others who are to follow them, pass from the scene and leave the younger generation of those whom they have thus fitted for the struggle to carry it forward to a higher issue. Death then appears as one of the truest benefactors of the race, though seemingly at the expense of the individual.

But to the individual whom it removes, death is also the great deliverer from prolonged and needless suffering. Tennyson, looking back over the million generations of sentient creatures the vast majority of which since the rise of organic life had come to a violent end, protests with all the force of his soul against "Nature red in tooth and claw." And that the lower animals have the capacity to suffer pain we must believe; but they do not, apparently, suffer as we do, in the presence of death. Their deaths seem most of them to be comparatively painless, even where we should look for the most excruciating torture. The testimony of men who have been rescued from the jaws of lions and tigers is reassuring upon this point. Nature appears to have her own anesthetic, fear, which operates to deaden the quivering nerves of her captives.

It is even claimed by one keen-eyed observer of Nature, that there is far less fear in the animal world than our human sympathies would lead us to fancy. "There is no such thing as fear out-of-doors," says a recent writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*. . . . "You may see it for an instant on your walk today, or think you see it; but there are the birds singing as before. . . . The universal chorus of nature is never stilled. This part, or that, may cease for a moment, for a season, it may be, only to let some other part take up the strain. . . . There is no ogre, Fear, no command, Obey, but the widest kind of a personal permit to live —joyously, abundantly, intensely, frugally at times, painfully at times, and always with large liberty; until, suddenly, the time comes to Let Live, when death is almost sure to be instant, with little pain and less fear." (Dallas Lore Sharp, in Atlantic Monthly, vol. 104, page 274 ff.) It is a relief to be rid of that spectre of fear overshadowing the world of animal nature. That death delivers those whom we love from suffering, which is perhaps as real to us as to themselves,—upon this I need not insist. With all the sadness of their going, how great is our relief that they no longer suffer as we sometimes have to stand by and watch them suffering!

2. Death, too, is the great *leveller*. It is no respecter of persons. High and low, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, fare all alike when they come into that silent and inexorable presence. Bryant,—who is in a way the minstrel of death, so often and so nobly his poetry interprets it,—makes this levelling quality in death one of the themes of his "Thanatopsis":

> "Thou shalt lie down
> With patriarchs of the ancient world,—with kings,
> The powerful of the earth,—the wise, the good,
> Fair forms and hoary seers of ages past,
> All in one mighty sepulchre.....
> .....All that breathe
> Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
> When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
> Plod on, and each one as before will chase
> His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
> Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
> And make their bed with thee."

How this lays bare the false distinctions of our life, and opens to us its underlying realities! "We brought nothing into the world, and we shall take nothing out of it"—except so much of its good as we may have made over into these immortal spirits. It is when we think thoughts like this that all the material goods for which men push and strive and cheat and starve one another come to be held at their true valuation. They have their important use, and are not to be merely despised. But their value to us lies altogether in the extent to which they enable us to put on the gifts and graces of soul that are imperishable. Poverty and wretchedness are fearful barriers to the highest life, though even they are impotent to shut out its possibility. But ease and luxury are equally barriers and not helps, unless they are carefully and if need be rigorously subordinated as the means, and never exalted as the ends, of living.

3. Once again, death is the great *chastener*. "Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth," says the scripture; and it seems a hard saying to us until we have put it to the proof. But then we know from a wonderful unfolding of experience that though "all chastening seemeth for the present to be not joyous but grievous; yet afterward it yieldeth peacable fruit unto them that have been exercised thereby, even the fruit of righteousness." (Heb. 12.)

Death is sometimes said and believed to come as a consequence of sin, but I cannot think that we are ever bereft of those we love as punishment for any direct wrong-doing, unless by violence or carelessness we have wilfully destroyed another's life. Our loved ones are never taken simply to punish us. We make atonement for our sins in other ways, and their lives hang always by many threads the ends of which we do not hold. When the inevitable parting comes, its first effect is to throw us back upon ourselves, often in vain and impotent regret. But at length we have to fall back upon God. Truly it seems as if this were one great way of his to recall us to himself. It is in the time of sorrow that some first really seek him and find him. Always the conviction is brought home to us afresh that our place is not wholly here in this visible scene of things. We remember, even if it is not for long, how much more real to us is the life of the spirit, and though we know it not we are insensibly drawn to care more for the sort of living

that yields at length the "peaceable fruit" of righteousness

4. Finally, death is the great *peace-maker*. How it stills all our noisy strife! How it allays the impatience and unrest of the world! How it brings into life a calm like that of God and heaven! There is no other repose like that of death.

The late Prof. Charles Carroll Everett of Harvard, has finely shown, in one of his published essays, why it is that in tragedy, after the confusion of conflicting motives and the breaking of human wills against the iron barriers of universal necessity, we welcome death as the one true and satisfying solution of the mystery. "All at once," says Dr. Everett, "there is a strange power at work, a strange presence. We are in contact with the infinities and the eternities. A little stroke of the dagger, a little draught of the poison, and there comes down this infinite peace, this eternal silence,—in the presence of which the will is dwarfed, and all caprice seems impertinent, and the loftiest and the humblest are alike. All the events of life which had preceded, which were before fleeting and full of change, become now fixed and statuesque, and partake of the dignity of their close. But though the events gain in grandeur, the evil of them is almost forgotten. For how contemptible appear all the weariness and care of life in comparison with that lofty repose which is inevitably to succeed them! Our moral sense is satisfied, or at least cannot murmur. There is enough awe and mystery in it to satisfy our feeling of justice toward the guilty; enough peace to console us for the sorrows of the good." (Poetry, Comedy and Duty. p. 148.)

"The rest," says the dying Hamlet, "is silence." But into the silence our human hearts project their trust in the Divine, and we are not hopeless. Far from it. I am not trying today to suggest proofs of immortality. But surely it is God who made and who uses this wonderful instrument,—this deliverer, this leveller, this chastener, this peacemaker,—death! How can I speak gently, persuasively enough to you who are following me perhaps in search of comfort,—how speak at all adequately of the tenderness that lies behind his use of it? It seems so cruel, so heartless in him to let others die while we are obliged to live! If I have seemed to take this surpassing mystery out of the realm of feeling, where it is chiefly to be known and understood, and placed it in the searching light of thought, can you forgive me? Only heart may reach out to heart, in speech that is but silent sympathy, upon things so intimately sacred. Only eternity and God can suffice to show by slowly maturing experience how these great lessons that we try to tell to one another here and now are true forever. We need a more perfect trust and patience. For those who love we need the assurance that

> "They cannot be where God is not
> On any sea or shore."

For ourselves we need the poet's courage to face the stooping angel whether he come early or late:

> "For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
> The black minute's at end,
> And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
> Shall dwindle, shall blend,
> Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
> Then a light, then thy breast,
> O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
> And with God be the rest!"

Last of all, for the world and the future, this word of the great Teacher needs to be sounded in all our hearts. "I must work the works of him taht sent me while it is day; for the night cometh when no man can work."

Books Received

LITTLE, BROWN & CO.:
A Mother's List of Books for Children. By Gertrude Weld Arnold. 70 pages.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION:
The Religion of a Sensible American. By David Starr Jordan. 84 pages. Price, 80c. net.
Joshua James. By Sumner I. Kimball. 102 pages. Price, 60c. net.

LONGMANS, GREEN & COMPANY:
Habit Formation and the Science of Teaching. By Stuart H. Rowe, Ph. D. 302 pages. Price, $1.50 net.
The Red Book of Heroes. By Mrs. Lang.. Edited by Andrew Lang. 368 pages.

B. W. HUEBSCH:
India, Impressions and Suggestions. By J. Keir-Hardie, M. P. 126 pages.
Product and Climax. By Simon Nelson Patten. 68 pages. Price 50c. net.
Human Equipment. By Edward Howard Griggs. 73 pages.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS:
Plays. The Silver Fox—Joy—Strife. By John Galsworthy. 263 pages. Price $1.35 net.
Mayflowers to Mistletoe. By Sarah J. Day.
Fresh Fields and Legends Old and New. By Sarah J. Day.
The Papacy. The Idea and Its Exponents. By Gustave Kruger. 277 pages. Price, $1.50 net.
On Mexican Trails.
Madame, Mother of the Regent. By Arvede Barine. 346 pages. Price, $3.00 net.
In Starland with a Three-Inch Telescope. By William Tyler Olcott. 146 pages. Price, $1.00 net.
The Toil of Men. By I. Querido. 366 pages. Price, $1.35 net.
What Have the Greeks Done for Civilization. John B. Mahaffy. 263 pages. Price $2.50 net.
Giant Land. By Rowland Quiz. 373 pages. Price, $2.00 net.

SHERMAN, FRENCH & COMPANY:
Confession and Other Verses. By May Austin Low. 47 pages. Price, 80c. net.
Love, Faith and Endeavor. By Harvey Corson Grumbine. 75 pages. Price, $1.00 net.
Both Sides of the Veil. By Anne Manning Robbins. 258 pages. Price, $1.25 net.
A Book of Quatrains. By Frederick Rowland Marvin. 101 pages. Price $1.00 net.

HARPER AND BROTHERS:
Boy Life. Stories and Readings from the Works of William Dean Howells. Arranged by Percival Chub. 189 pages. Price 50c.
The Moccasin Ranch. By Hamlin Garland. 136 pages. Price $1.00.

FORBES AND COMPANY:
Jane Jones and Some Others. By Ben King. Illustrations by John A. Williams. 98 pages. Price, $2.00.

RAND, McNALLY & COMPANY:
The New Health Science. By J. Arvede Walgren. 84 pages.

THOMAS Y. CROWELL & COMPANY.
The Ethics of Progress. By Charles F. Dole. 398 pages. Price, $1.50 net.

UNITY TRACT SOCIETY:
Twelve Lessons in Christian Healing. By Charles Fillmore.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS:
Twenty-fifth Anniversary of Old South Church.

H. M. CALDWELL COMPANY:
The Supreme Victory. By J. Herman Randall. 83 pages. Price, 60c.

ENGLEWOOD PUBLISHING HOUSE:
The People's Hour. By Howard Gibson. 137 pages.

PHILLIP GREEN, Publisher:
The Bearings of the Darwinian Theory of Evolution on Moral and Religious Progress. By F. E. Weiss. 63 pages.

FRANK F. LOVELL COMPANY:
The Tyrant in White. By Henry Berman. 320 pages.

NUNN & COMPANY:
An Astronomer's Wife. By Angelo Hall. 129 pages.

THE HOME

Helps to High Living

SUN.—Not only our good thoughts but our good purposes also are frittered asunder and dissipated by unseasonable speaking of them.

MON.—There is in man a higher than love of happiness; he can do without happiness, and in place thereof find blessedness.

TUES.—The only happiness a brave man ever troubled himself much about was happiness enough to get his work done.

WED.—For suffering and enduring there is no remedy but striving and doing.

THURS.—How mad it is to hope for contentment from the gifts of this extremely finite world.

FRI.—From the lowest depth, there is a path to the loftiest height.

SAT.—On the roaring billows of Time thou art not engulfed, but borne aloft into the azure of eternity.

—*Carlyle.*

TWO VISITS

To visit Aunt Julia is just heaps of fun,
We wear our old clothes and we race and we run.
"Go try the new swing," says Aunt Julia, "my dears,
It's put up so firmly you need have no fears;
Since you were here last there's a lot to be seen.
Take a look at my garden, all starting up green.
Don't forget the new chickens out back of the shed,
And when you get hungry there's fresh gingerbread."

When we go to Aunt Esther's, we wear our best clothes,
We hold up our heads and we turn out our toes;
We look at the album with pictures so old,
When father was only a baby, we're told.
But when she says, "Children, here is your treat,
For I know you like sweeties and nice things to eat,"
James brings in a tray, but—the cakes are so small
We could each eat a tray full and not mind at all!

—*Rebecca D. Moore.*

Out of the Beaten Path

"Now, grandma," said Jane, looking up from the box which they were packing, "there's just enough room here for the kitchen clock."

Grandma walked across the room, but when she took the clock from the shelf the place looked so bare and desolate that she put it back where it belonged, and sank into a chair.

"Jane," she said, "you—you will have to go without me. It's all right and proper for young folks to move round, but I've lived here for sixty years, and I'm getting old."

"But, grandma! I can't leave you here!"

"Jane," she said, "I just can't help it."

"But, grandma," pleaded Jane, "Jim and Harry are waiting for us down at Altonville. They've rented a house and they're expecting us tomorrow, and here we're nearly packed and—"

"Jane," said grandma, tearfully, "I'm sorry, but I can't help it. I've never been more than ten miles away from Mount Freedom in all my life, and I'm getting old. You'll have to go without me."

Just then the door-bell rang. When Jane went to answer it, she found the old school-master standing there. It was he who had found positions for the two Perkins boys in Altonville, and when Jane saw him she drew a breath of relief; but as she whispered to him the story of grandma's sudden decision, her face became clouded again.

"And when grandma once makes up her mind," she concluded, "you've no idea how hard it is to change her."

"She has never been more than ten miles away?" whispered the schoolmaster.

"Never. And she's getting old and—"

"Tut-tut!" chided the schoolmaster. "We are all getting old. Let us go in."

They went in, and the schoolmaster and grandma greeted each other with a simple sincerity that had nearly half a century of mutual respect behind it.

"I saw the light in the windows," he said, "and I thought I'd step in to bid you good-by."

Very gray was the schoolmaster, and very calm, and although his look was gentle and sad at times, yet his face could glow and his voice boom out with unexpected strength.

"Speaking of travelers," he said, looking round at the dismantled room, "I was reading only last night of the Northmen of Denmark and Norway—the terrors of all the coasts of Europe—"

Jane coughed a hurried warning.

"They were also," he quickly continued, "peaceful merchants. They are supposed to have visited America before the year 1000, five hundred years earlier than Columbus."

"Dear me!" said grandma. "I always thought Columbus discovered America."

"I will tell you something even more wonderful," said the schoolmaster. "Did you ever hear of Marco Polo?"

"Not that I can remember," said grandma.

"He was a famous traveler; in the thirteenth century he visited China and was enrolled among the attendants of honor of the Grand Khan. He was afterward made a prisoner by the Genoese—but no matter—no matter—"

He bowed to grandma.

"Columbus," he said, "who discovered Cuba and the West Indies, was received in Spain with an enthusiasm in keeping with the grandeur of his achievement, and on his second voyage he started with three large ships and fourteen caravels. He made in all four voyages, and his name is immortal forever."

He rose and slowly walked across the room.

"Then there was Vasco da Gama," he said, turning with a gesture of admiration, "that intrepid traveler who rounded the Cape of Good Hope in 1497 and discovered a new road to the Indies."

He made another gesture.

"Amerigo Vespucci," he exclaimed, "that wonderful and daring man whose name will never die!"

"America was named after him," said grandma, nodding to Jane.

"Balboa," exclaimed the schoolmaster, "that fearless soul who discovered the Pacific Ocean!"

"I've seen his picture," said grandma.

"Magellan!" exclaimed the schoolmaster. "Hudson! Drake! Frobisher! Cook! Ross! Names that will go down to posterity as the names of brave and noble spirits who were unafraid of the distances, and who rejoiced and were glad when they faced the great unknown."

"And, after all," said grandma, when he had gone, taking the clock from the shelf and handing it to Jane, "Altonville is less than fifty miles away. We'd better finish packing."

—*George Weston.*

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SENIOR EDITOR.....JENKIN LLOYD JONES
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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

FOREIGN NOTES.

BARON FERNAND DE SCHICKLER.—Heavy indeed have been the losses of the International Council of Liberal Religious Thinkers and Workers since the Boston Congress, losses which must be more and more severely felt as the time for the Berlin Congress draws nigh. To the names of such stanch supporters as Prof. Jean Réville of Paris not to mention his distinguished father, Albert Réville—and Prof. Otto Pfleiderer of Berlin, must now be added that of Baron Fernand de Schickler, with whom the international secretary, Rev. C. W. Wendte, was in conference this very summer in Paris.

Le Protestant Libéral de Genève thus announces the passing of this distinguished French layman, in its issue of October 15.

"Liberal French protestantism has just suffered another grievous loss. One of its most active, most authoritative and most venerated leaders, Baron Fernand de Schickler, passed away on Wednesday last.

"A long article would be needful to give an idea of all that Baron Schickler has been and has done for French protestantism in general and for liberalism in particular. He took great interest in the history of French Protestantism and was the generous and distinguished founder of the valuable library of the history of French Protestantism in Paris, and of the Bulletin of the Society of like name. He was president of many and important societies (Society for Primary Instruction, Biblical Society of Paris, etc.) Each year he presented interesting and conscientious reports of their work.

"In the liberal organizations he played a prominent part. At the time of his death, he was president of the Board of directors of the *Eglises réformèes unies* (the liberal churches). But who shall tell all the services he has rendered to liberalism and the liberal churches throughout his life? They are innumerable and of a value quite beyond estimate. Yet Mr. de Schickler was neither dictatorial nor ambitious, but an affable and modest gentleman, who impressed others solely by his intelligence, his zeal, his activity, his generosity and the services he rendered. Firm in his liberal protestant convictions, he was broad-minded and pacific, always looking for the things that unite rather than for those that divide. In character and in life he was a true Christian. The death of his wife, which occurred last spring, was a sore trial and one he was not long able to survive.

"May our liberal friends in France accept the assurance of our deep sympathy in the bereavement that has just come to them; and may God often raise up, among our liberal protestants, men like Baron de Schickler!"

Le Protestant Libèral, a little sheet which came into being during the stirring times of the Separation at Geneva, begins in this same issue a French paraphrase of Mr. Wendte's account of his missionary trip to England, France, Germany, Switzerland, and elsewhere, the past summer, in the interest of the coming Berlin Congress.

When we think of these international liberal congresses and of those to whom their cause was dear, let us not forget a tender tribute to John Fretwell, a pioneer in the effort to bring the scattered liberals of Europe and America into friendly acquaintance and co-operation; an earnest, ardent, rather lonely man, who passed away this summer so quietly that, I fancy, many who knew him are not yet aware of it, but whose characteristic question, "What can I do to *serve* you?" will long be remembered as a lesson and an inspiration. There are those who will miss him in many lands.

M. E. H.

THE TWO AGES.

On great cathedral windows I have seen
A summer sunset swoon and sink away,
Lost in the splendors of immortal art.
Angels and saints and all the heavenly hosts,
With smiles undimmed by half a thousand years,
From wall and niche have met my lifted gaze.
Sculpture and carving and illumined page,
And the fair, lofty dreams of architects,
That speak of beauty to the centuries—
All these have fed me with divine repasts.
Yet in my mouth is left a bitter taste,
The taste of blood that stained that age of art.

Those glorious windows shine upon the black
and hideous structure of the guillotine:
Beside the haloed countenance of saints
There hangs the multiple and knotted lash.
The Christ of love, benign and beautiful,
Looks at the torture-rack, by hate conceived
And bigotry sustained. The prison cell,
With blood-stained walls, where starving men went mad,
Lies under turrets matchless in their grace.

God, what an age! How was it that you let
Colossal genius and colossal crime
Walk for a hundred years across the earth,
Like giant twins? How was it then that men,
Conceiving such vast beauty for the world,
And such large hopes of heaven, could entertain
Such hellish projects for their fellow-men?
How could the hand that with consummate skill
And loving patience limned the luminous page,
Drop pen and brush, and seize the branding-rod,
To scourge a brother for his differing faith?

Not great this age, in beauty or in art.
Nothing is wrought to-day that shall endure,
For earth's adornment, through long centuries.
Not ours the fervid worship of a God
That wastes its splendid opulence on glass,
Leaving but hate, to give its mortal kin.
Yet great this age: its mighty work is man
Knowing himself, the universal life.
And great our faith, which shows itself in works
For human freedom and for racial good.
The true religion lies in being kind.
No age is greater than its faith is broad.
Through liberty and love men climb to God.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

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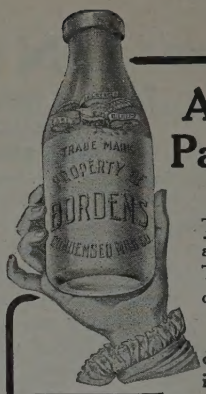

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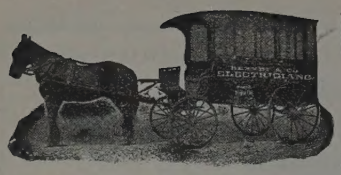

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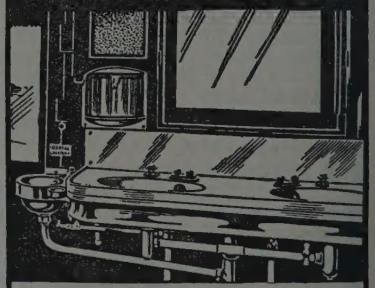

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